

Upshot
GRAPHICS

PART 2 OF A
3-PART SERIES

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JAN STRNAD & HENRY MAYO

DINOSAUR REX





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**DINOSAUR
REX**

THE DRAGONS OF SUMMER

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WE--THAT IS, MYSELF (*HEMPSTED WALLOP*),
MY COUSIN *FLAVIA*, OUR FRIEND AND MANSERVANT,
THE AMAZING *DUBADAH*--WERE BOUND FOR
THE DARK CONTINENT IN SEARCH OF MY *UNCLE*
GRENVILLE...

...NOT TO MENTION A FORTUNE IN JEWELS
OR ARTIFACTS OR SOMESUCH TO REPLENISH
THE FAMILY COFFERS WHICH, EXCEPT FOR
OUR RECENT WINNINGS AT *SAURISCIA*
*DOWN*S...

...WERE AS BARREN AS THE CAVERNS OF MY
STOMACH AFTER SEVERAL HOURS DEDICATED
TO SPEWING ALL MANNER OF VILE SUBSTANCES
OVER THE RAILS OF THIS BLOODY, HEAVING
BLIMP.

I SAY,
HEMPY, WE NEED YOU
DESPERATELY IN THE BALL-
ROOM, IT'S "LADIES CHOICE"
AND NOT A SOUL UNDER THE
AGE OF A HUNDRED-AND-
FOUR TO *PICK* FROM!

UUUHHNN...

IT'S THE END
FOR ME, FLAVIA.
MARRY ME QUICKLY, THEN
I PROMISE TO FLING MY-
SELF OVERBOARD!



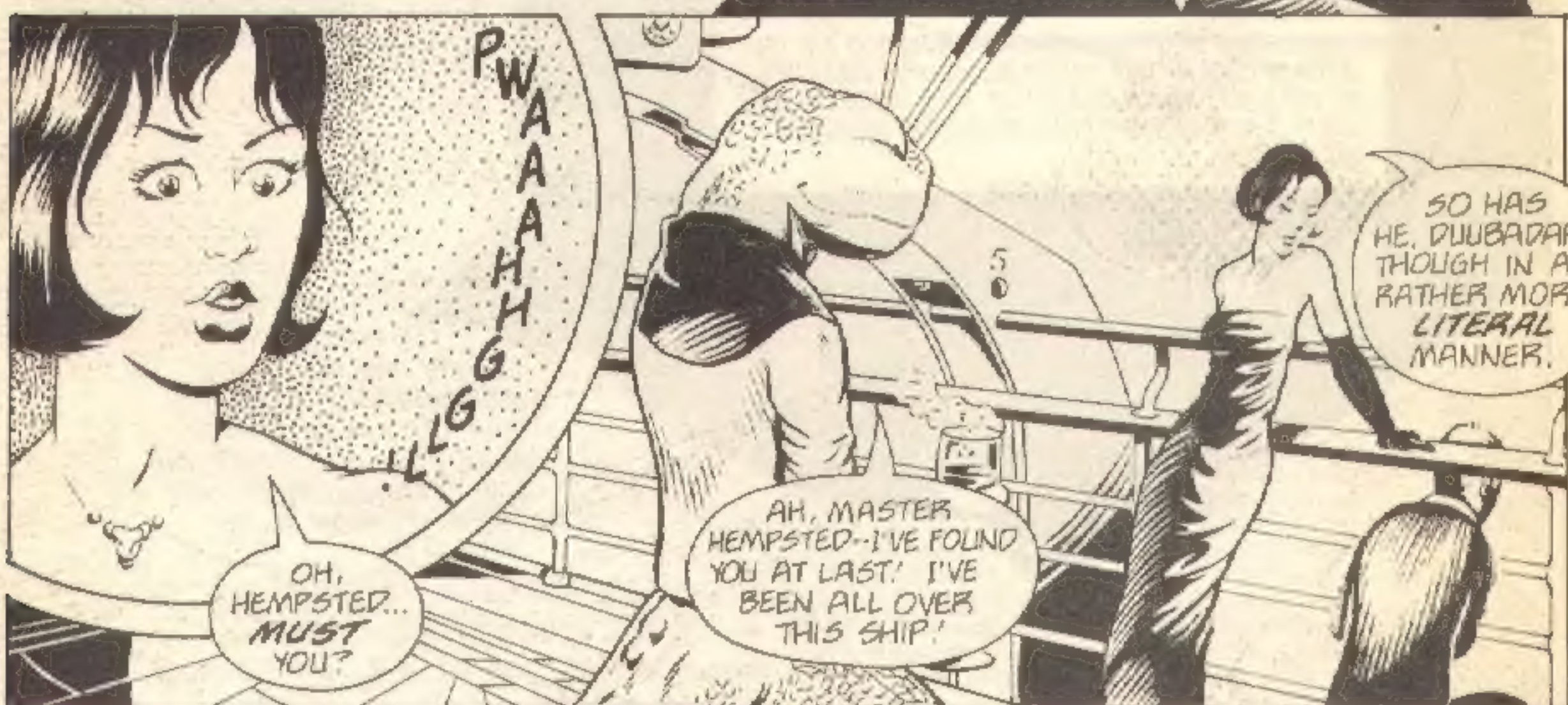


WHOSE IDEA WAS IT TO TAKE THIS BUDDY **BLIMP** ANYWAY?

YOURS. BOATS MAKE YOU SEASICK, YOU SAID.

AND DO STOP CALLING IT A **BLIMP**. IT'S A **DIRIGIBLE**...

...DISTINGUISHED BY ITS RIGID FRAME, AS OPPOSED TO THE SOFT OR SEMI-RIGID SUPPORT STRUCTURE OF THE...



OH, HEMPSTED... **MUST** YOU?

AH, MASTER HEMPSTED-I'VE FOUND YOU AT LAST! I'VE BEEN ALL OVER THIS SHIP!

SO HAS HE, DUUBADAH, THOUGH IN A RATHER MORE **LITERAL** MANNER.



MUSTER YOUR COURAGE, YOUNG SIR. I TOOK THE LIBERTY TO PREPARE A MILD **RESTORATIVE**...

RESTORATIVE... POISON... WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? HAND IT OVER, DUUBADAH!

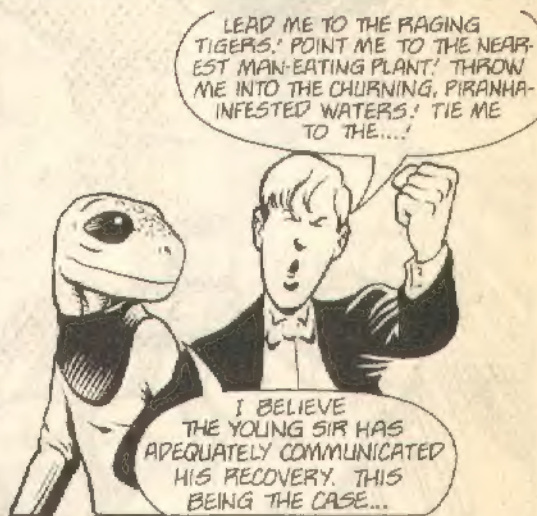
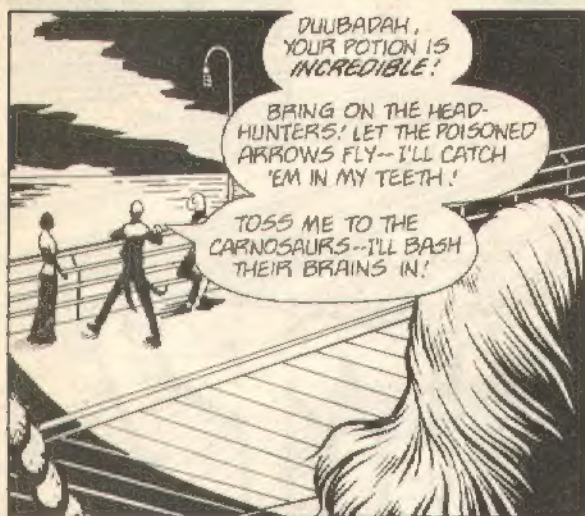
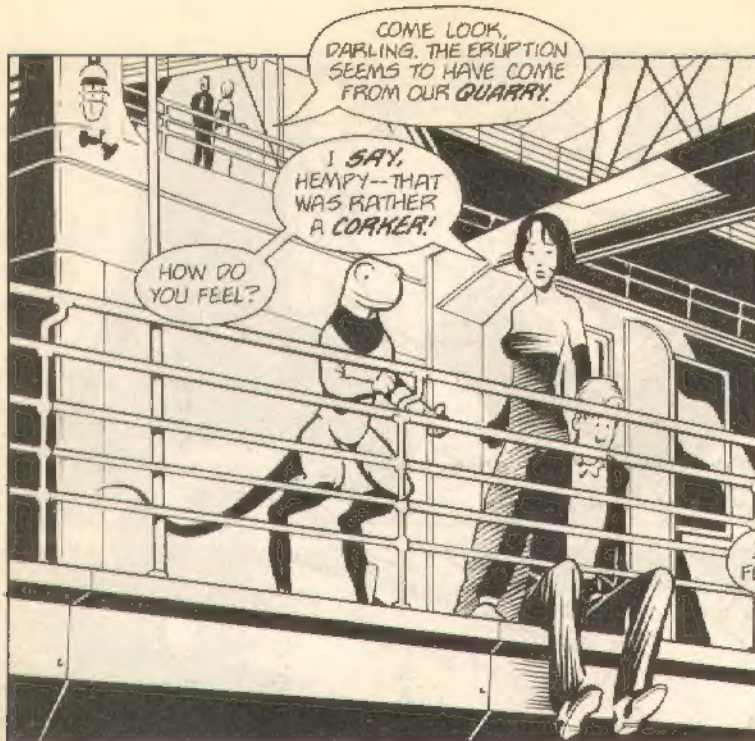
DUUBADAH'S POTION SLITHERED DOWN MY THROAT LIKE A SERPENT--A **WARM** SERPENT...

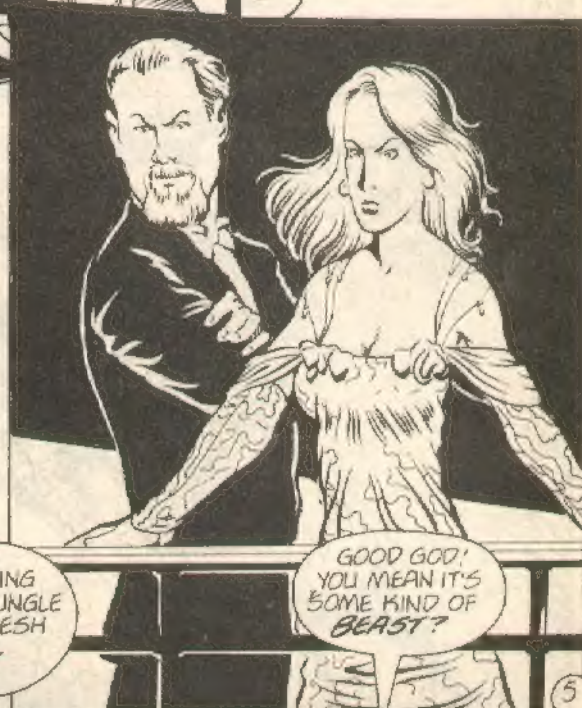
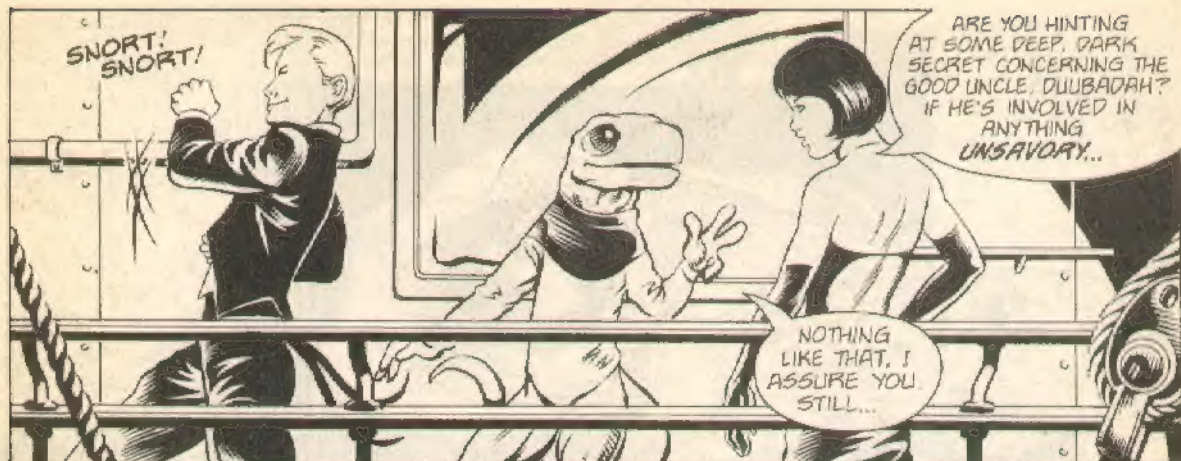


...WELL TRAVELLED (BY THE TASTE OF IT) OF THE DANK, MUSHROOMY KINGDOMS OF SHADOW AND ROT!



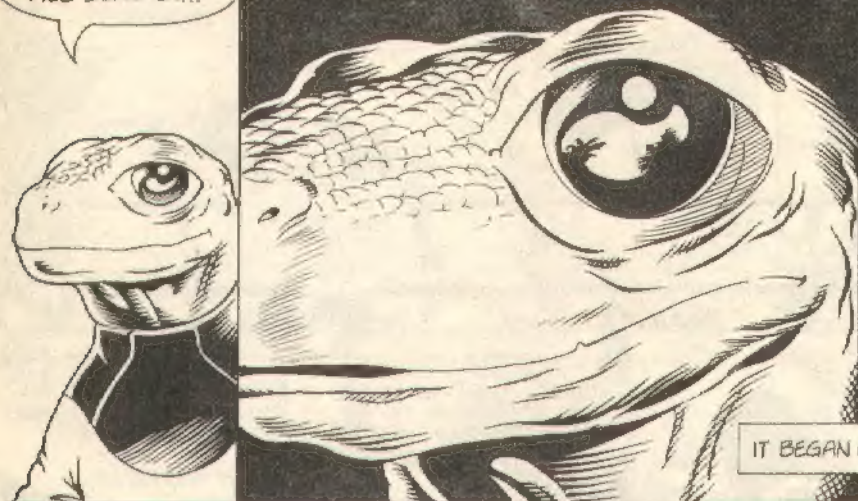






SOME
WOULD SAY,
SIR, THE BEAST OF
ALL BEASTS...

DUUBADAH PROCEEDED TO RELATE A TALE THAT WOULD
HAVE QUICKENED THE PULSE OF AN UNDERTAKER, SO
FRAUGHT WAS IT WITH MORTAL PERIL.



IT BEGAN OUTSIDE BANGUI...



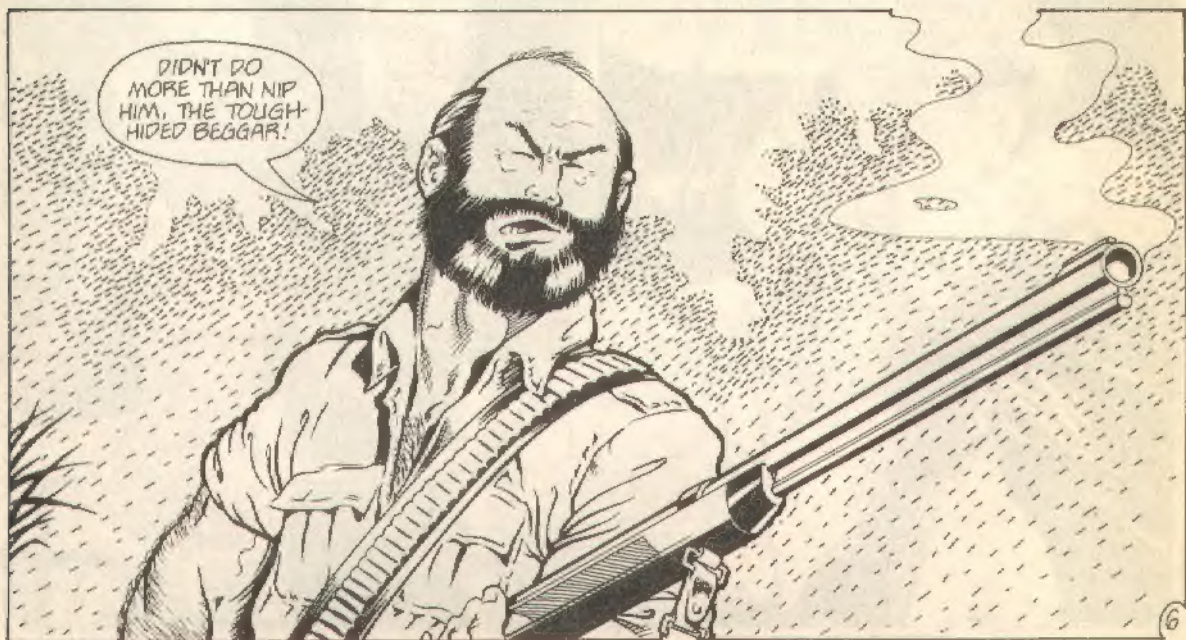
...WHERE, COMMONLY ENOUGH,
UNCLE GRENVILLE WAS THROWING
A LOAD OF SHOT IN THE DIRECTION
OF SOME BLIGHTED PREY.

OOF!

BLAST....!



DIDNT DO
MORE THAN NIP
HIM, THE TOUGH-
HIDED BEGGAR!



MORE POWDER
IN THE LOADS FROM
NOW ON, DUUBADAH!
THAT ONE BARELY
LIFTED ME OFF
MY FEET!

CAN'T BE NIGGARDLY
WITH THE POWDER IF YOU
WANT TO BRING DOWN
THE BIG ONES!

YES,
SIR.

DAY WORE INTO EVENING AND THE
QUEST WAS ON THE VERGE OF
POSTPONEMENT, WHEN...

IT'S NO
GOOD, DUUBADAH--
TOO HAZARDOUS TRAIPS-
ING AROUND THE JUNGLE
AT NIGHT.

WE'LL HAVE
TO MAKE CAMP.
HERE'S A
GOOD A...

SH.

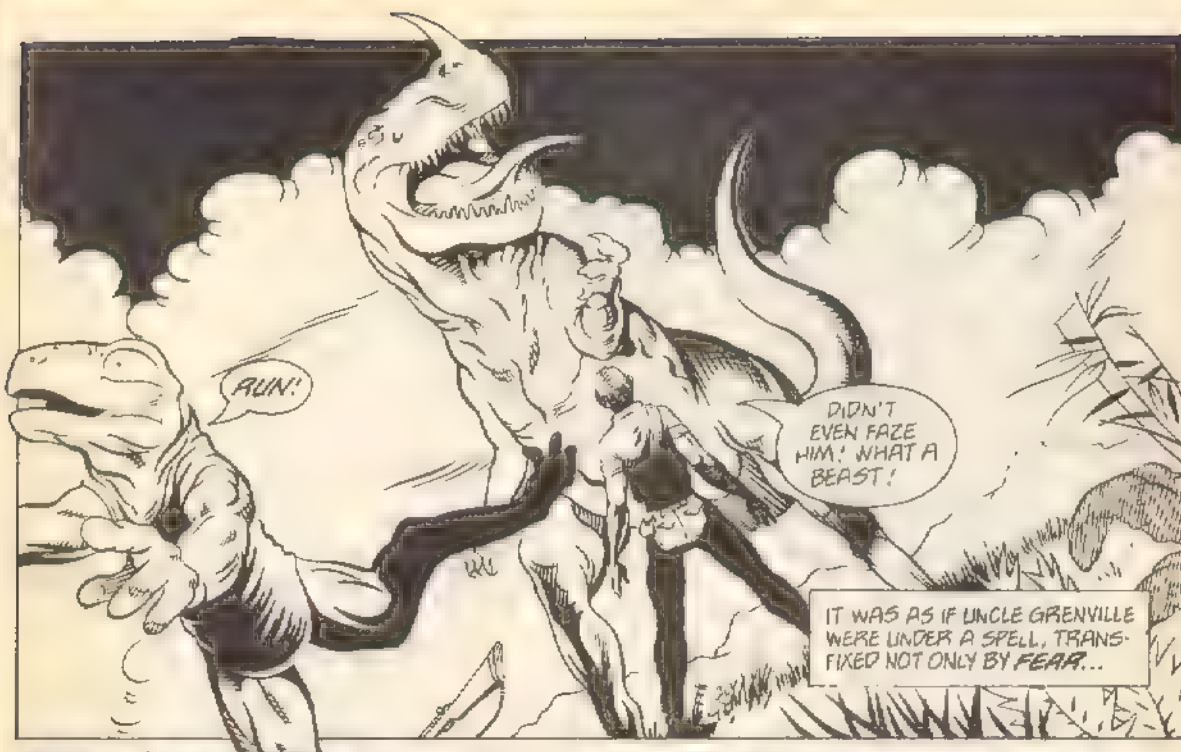
MY UNCLE'S BLOOD BOIL-
ED IN HIS VEINS AS HE
AND DUUBADAH PURSUED
THE WOUNDED BEAST.
THIS WAS THE SPORT HE
WAS BORN FOR!

WE'RE
CLOSE, SIR.
VERY, VERY
CLOSE.

THE
QUESTION IS--
WHAT ARE WE
CLOSE
TO?



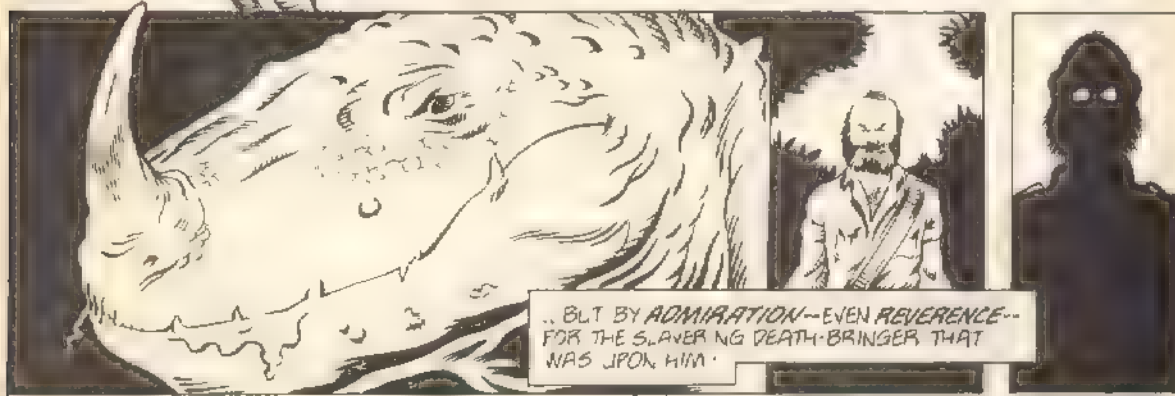




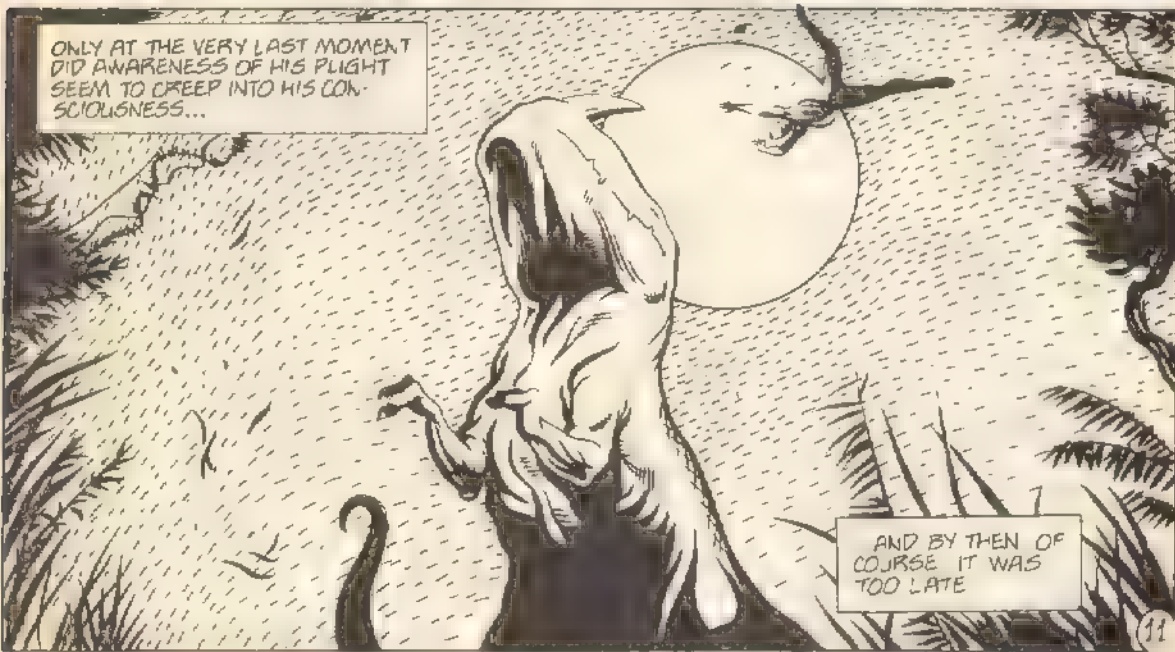
RUN!

DIDN'T
EVEN FAZE
HIM! WHAT A
BEAST!

IT WAS AS IF UNCLE GRENVILLE
WERE UNDER A SPELL, TRANS-
FIXED NOT ONLY BY FEAR...



... BUT BY ADMIRATION--EVEN REVERENCE--
FOR THE SLAYER NG DEATH-BRINGER THAT
WAS UPON HIM.



ONLY AT THE VERY LAST MOMENT
DID AWARENESS OF HIS FLIGHT
SEEM TO CREEP INTO HIS CON-
SCIOUSNESS...

AND BY THEN OF
COURSE IT WAS
TOO LATE

IT WAS ONLY A GLANCING BLOW,
DELIVERED BY AN AGING SPECIMEN
WOUNDED AND WEAK OF LEG, BUT
IT WAS ENOUGH

THE BEAST MOVED ON,
LEAVING MY BRUISED
AND BROKEN UNCLE TO
DLUBADAH'S TENDER
MINISTRATION

M-M-M-M
M-M-M-MO
MO.

DON'T TRY TO
SPEAK, SIR. SAVE
YOUR STRENGTH.

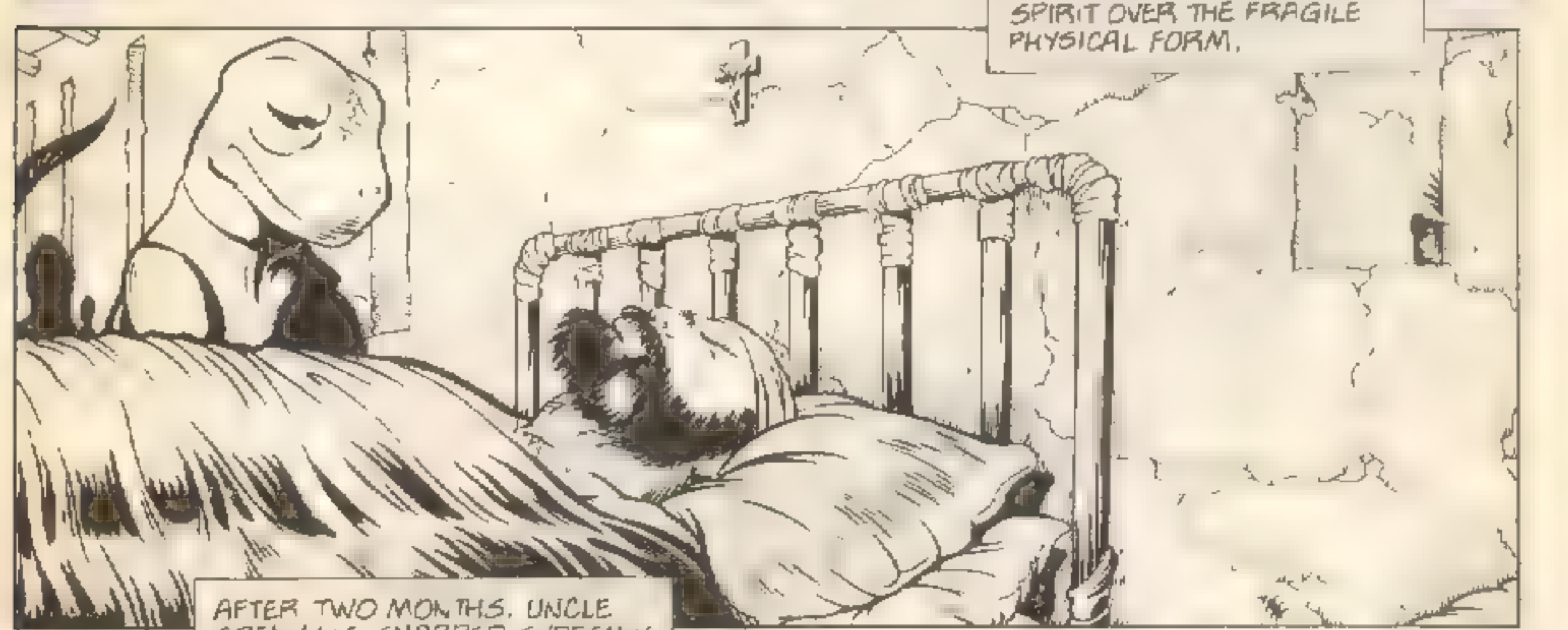
M-MORE
POWDER. NEXT
TIME..



DUUBADAH ROUNDED UP THE STRAY BEARERS AND CARRIED THE BATTERED RELATIVE BACK TO BANGUI

THERE HE (THAT IS UNCLE GRENVILLE) LAPSED INTO COMA, BUT DUUBADAH REMAINED EVER BY HIS SIDE..

..CONFIDENT IN THE TRIUMPH OF THE TRUE HUNTSMAN'S SPIRIT OVER THE FRAGILE PHYSICAL FORM.



AFTER TWO MONTHS, UNCLE GRENVILLE SNAPPED SUDDENLY TO LIFE COMMANDING

DUUBADAH!

MOUNT AN EXPEDITION!

HE WAS RELEASED SHORTLY THEREAFTER.

THE
EXPEDITION
REQUIRED FUND-
ING, OF COURSE...

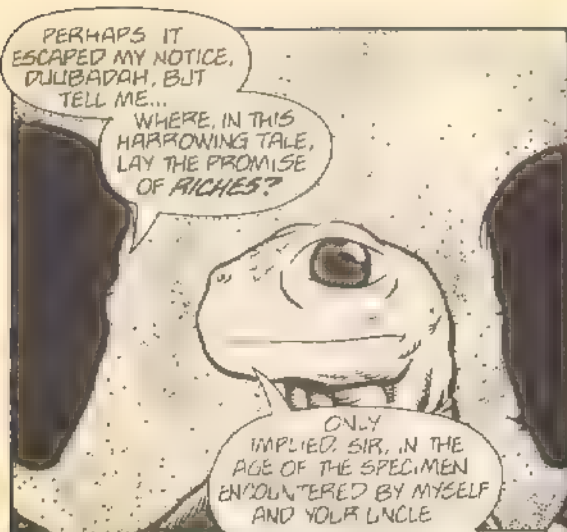
.. WHICH
PRECIPITATED THE
ILL-FATED CRIBBAGE
GAME WITH THE EXPLORER
HORNBYORN, THE OUT-
COME OF WHICH YOU
WELL KNOW.

UHM--THE LOSS
OF YOUR CONTRACT.
SO WHERE DID YOU
LEAVE THE POOR
MAN?

ALONG THE
SHORES OF THE
UBANGI, AS I
DEPARTED WITH
MY NEW
EMPLOYER.

THE EXPRESSION
ON HIS FACE STRONGLY
RESEMBLED THAT OF
A BULLDOG AT A
FUNERAL





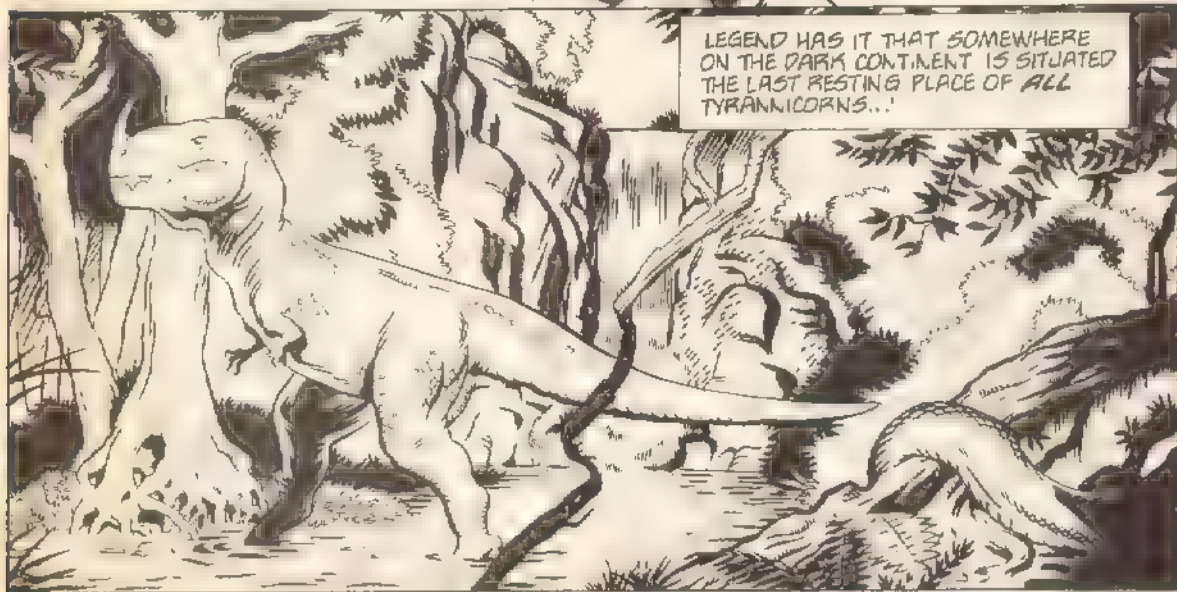
PERHAPS IT
ESCAPED MY NOTICE,
DULBADAH, BUT
TELL ME...

WHERE, IN THIS
HARROWING TALE,
LAY THE PROMISE
OF RICHES?

ONLY
IMPLIED, SIR, IN THE
AGE OF THE SPECIMEN
ENCOUNTERED BY MYSELF
AND YOUR UNCLE



IT WAS ELDERLY AND
WOUNDED... SEEMED, AS IT
LUMBERED OFF, RESIGNED
TO THE FINAL FATE.



LEGEND HAS IT THAT SOMEWHERE
ON THE DARK CONTINENT IS SITUATED
THE LAST RESTING PLACE OF ALL
TYRANNICORNS...



"...SECLUDED BY MOUNTAINS,
PERHAPS, PROBABLY CON-
SIDERED TABOO BY NATIVES
OF THE AREA."

"MODERN THEORY POSTULATES AN ANCIENT RACE THAT **WORSHIPPED** THE TYRANNICORNS, THAT PROTECTED THEM, PERHAPS EVEN OFFERING THEMSELVES AS LIVING **SACRIFICES** TO FEED THE BRUTES' FEARSOME APPETITES."



"WITH THE APPROACH OF DEATH, THE BEAST FEELS A POWERFUL RESURGENCE OF **ANCESTRAL MEMORY**-A LONGING TO RETURN TO THIS FONDLY-REMEMBERED SPOT, NOW POPULATED ONLY BY BONES AND HISTORY..."

..THE **TYRANNICORN GRAVEYARD!**

NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE **DISCOVERY** OF SUCH A SITE WOULD BE THE **PALEONTOLOGICAL PRIZE** OF THE CENTURY



...NOT TO MENTION THE BONUS OF A **FORTUNE IN IVORY HORNS!**



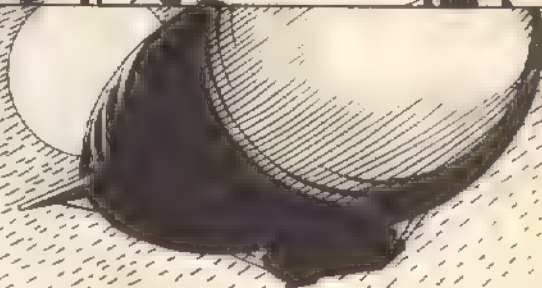
THE **TYRANNICORN GRAVEYARD!** A **FORTUNE IN IVORY!** IS IT POSSIBLE, HEMPY?



IT **JOLLY WELL BETTER** BE, IF WE'RE TO AVOID A FATE WORSE THAN **DEATH!**

CLERKING AT **HARROD'S.**

EXACTLY



I'LL NOT TORTURE MY PUBLIC
WITH A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF
OUR JOURNEY BY BOAT TO
BANGUI, LAST RECORDED
HABITAT OF THE ELUSIVE
GRENVILLIUS POTSHOTICUS.



ONLY ONE NOTEWORTHY
ASPECT PRESENTED
ITSELF...



A BOAT SIMILAR TO OUR
OWN, FOLLOWING AT CLOSE
RANGE BUT NEVER HIEING
ALONGSIDE, NOT EVEN
WHEN WE STOPPED FOR
THE NIGHT.



AT BANGUI, WE TOOK REFUGE
IN AN ODDLY COBBLED TOGETHER
STRUCTURE DUBBED THE
"EMBASY (SIC) HOTEL" * TO WAL-
LOW ONE LAST NIGHT IN THE
SPLENDORS OF CIVILIZATION.

THAT NIGHT I HAPPENED
TO SPY FLAVIA FLITTING
BETWEEN SHOWER AND
BEDROOM, AND I MUST
CONFESS...



...THE SIGHT ANIMATED MY BOSOM.
I WAS STRUCK AGAIN BY THE
IMPERATIVE TO IMPRESS HER
WITH MY (FORTHCOMING) VALOR



THE NEXT SEVERAL HOURS WERE
SPENT REPLAYING FLAVIA'S
LITTLE DASH IN MY MIND, UNTIL
AT LAST I FELL INTO AGITATED
AND FITFUL SLUMBER.



*YES, IT WAS SPOOLED EXACTLY THAT WAY, AS IF CRIBBED
FROM AN AMENDED TRAVEL GUIDE. I WILL FOREVER
REMEMBER IT AS "THE SIC HOTEL."

WE SET OUT THE NEXT DAY, RETRACING THE PATH OF MY UNCLE'S PREVIOUS EXPEDITION.

YOU CAN'T BE TIRED ALREADY, COUSIN. WE'VE BARELY BEGUN!

(YAWN!) I HARDLY SLEPT ALL NIGHT. I HAD THE MOST PECULIAR DREAM!

I WAS TRAPPED IN THIS TINY CORRIDOR, AND I KEPT RUNNING BACK AND FORTH, BACK AND FORTH...

SEEMS AS THOUGH IT WENT ON FOR HOURS!

SEVERAL DAYS OUT, DUBBADAH DISCOVERED A PATH THAT COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN MADE BY THE WAYWARD RELATIVE

THAT, I CAN'T SAY. ONCE HE'S ON A SCENT, YOUR UNCLE IS CAPABLE OF AN UNCOMMON ALACRITY.

AH, YES! THE CRUSH OF YOUR UNCLE'S BOOT IS DISTINCTIVE-- THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT!

WILL WE CATCH UP WITH HIM, THEN IF WE PRESS ON?

EHT?

WHAT HE MEANS, HEMPHY...

...IS THAT WHEN THE BLOODLUST IS ON HIM, OUR UNCLE GREENVILLE CAN MOVE LIKE A TIGER IN RUT

OH! I SEE...

NEEDLESS TO SAY, FLAVIA'S OFF-HANDED REFERENCE TO HOT-BLOODED BEASTS RACKED IN THE THROES OF PASSION ESTABLISHED THE TENOR OF MY THOUGHTS FOR THE REST OF THE DAY.

BY NIGHTFALL I COULD TOLERATE THE PAIN NO LONGER INFLAMED BY HER RAW, EARTHY SCENT, I CONFESSED MY ADMIRATION TO FLAVIA IN A TORRENT OF POETIC FROTH

...SO, WHAT I WANT TO SAY IS... (HMPH)... THAT, WELL, I'M SURE YOU COULDN'T POSSIBLY (HMPH) BUT... WELL...

...WRAPPED IN A MIASMA OF BITTERNESS AND DESPAIR... TURNING IN- EXORABLY TO CRIME TO FEED OUR DRUG ADDICTIONS...

IT'S ALL A BT TOO PENNY DREADFUL FOR MY TASTE

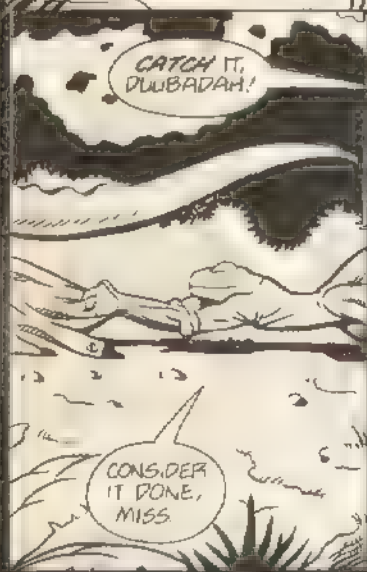
I REALLY WASN'T LISTENING I WAS STILL WORKING ON "SENTIMENT NOT ENTIRELY UNMUTUAL" AND TRYING TO FIGURE IF IT CAME AROUND IN MY FAVOR, WHEN.

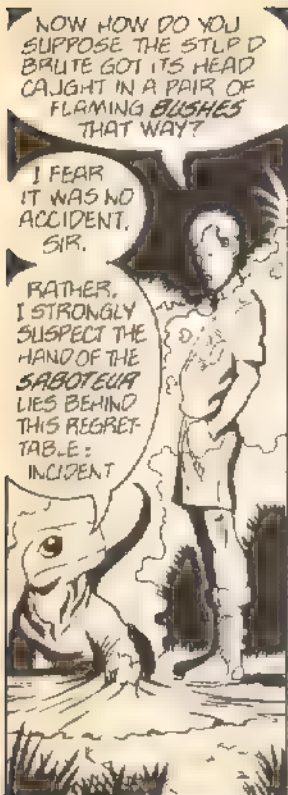
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, HEMPY, AND THE SENTIMENT IS NOT ENTIRELY UNMUTUAL.

BUT IT WOULD BE RATHER RIDICULOUS, WOULDN'T IT? I MEAN, THE TWO OF US, SCRAPING BY ON CLERKS' WAGES.

THE MADDENED BEAST ERUPTED FROM THE FOREST LIKE A DRAGON WITH A HOTFOOT, SPEWING FLAMES AND TRAMPLING OUR FRAGILE POSSESSIONS INTO JUNK!

THIS WAY!





NOW HOW DO YOU
SUPPOSE THE STUPID
BRUTE GOT ITS HEAD
CAUGHT IN A PAIR OF
FLAMING BUSHES
THAT WAY?

I FEAR
IT WAS NO
ACCIDENT,
SIR.

RATHER,
I STRONGLY
SUSPECT THE
HAND OF THE
SABOTEUR
LIES BEHIND
THIS REGRET-
TABLE
INCIDENT



EH?

TRICERATOPS
DON'T JUST GO
POKING THEIR HEADS
INTO FLAMING TREES,
DEAR HEART. SOME-
BODY TIED THOSE
BUSHES THERE AND
LIT THEM

WE HAVE AN ENEMY
IN OUR MIDST!



AN INTERLOPER!
WHAT GALL! THE
BLOODY CHEEK OF
THE DEVIL!

NOW
WHO DO YOU
SUPPOSE...?



HMM IT APPEARS
THAT OUR RAMPAGING
VISITOR MAY HAVE
LEFT A CLUE REGARD-
ING THAT VERY
MATTER



A LAPEL PIN,
PROBABLY DROPPED
BY THE SABOTEUR
AND PICKED UP IN
THE DINOSAUR'S
FOOT!



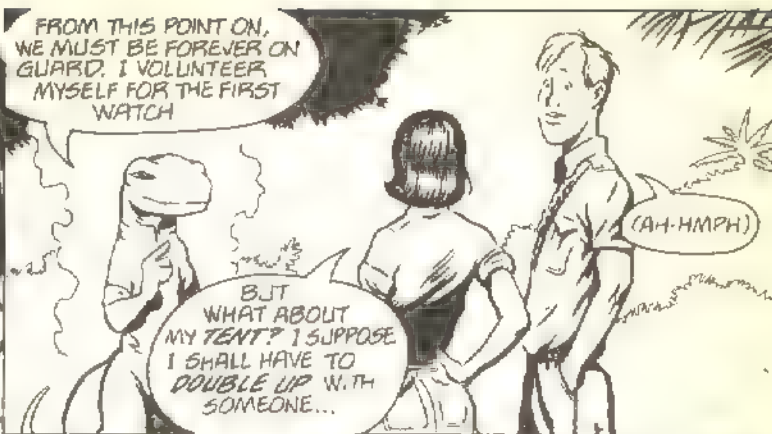
WHAT
INCREDIBLE
LUCK!

DO YOU
RECOGNIZE IT,
DULBADAH?

INDEED. THE
GLOBAL ORDER OF
EXPLORERS, ICELAND
CHAPTER

MY PREVIOUS
EMPLOYER WAS NEVER
WITHOUT HIS.





EDITORIAL

NOITAZIROLOC AT UPSHOT

We hope you've enjoyed the second installment of *Dinosaur Rex*. We're very proud of Tom Luth's stunning coloring, especially on the page where Hempsted and Duhadah—

What's that? You say your copy of this issue of *Dinosaur Rex* is in black-and-white? But... that doesn't make sense. All the copies we've ever seen were in color. Maybe it's just a printing error. Maybe your local retailer somehow stole the color. In fact, we think you should rush back to him and demand your color—there's gotta be tens of thousands of full-color copies of *Dinosaur Rex* sitting around in distributors' racks.

Oh, all right. We're pulling your leg. Every existing copy of *Dinosaur Rex* #2 is in black-and-white, and every copy of #3 will be in black-and-white, too. We're sorry if you're disappointed, but give us a moment and we'll explain what's going on.

A lot of people (your humble editor among them) believe that black and white and full-color comics are, at the very least, equally legitimate forms. Furthermore, they—we, that is—believe that the decision to do a comic one way or the other should be based on the artist's strengths, the nature of the story, and so on.

Unfortunately, these sensible artistic considerations are usually superseded by two other rules. (1) Color comics almost invariably sell better than black-and-white comics. (2) Black-and-white comics are a lot cheaper to produce than color comics, especially in the lower print runs. Append to this (1a), that artists would rather have their comics sell better since they get more money that way, and (2a), that publishers would rather not lose too much money on a risky book, and you have a conundrum. If the publisher puts out a comic that sells fairly well as a black and white, it might have sold a lot better as a color comic, made more money for him and the artist, and reached a wider audience. Conversely, a color comic that does badly will lose money for him—while that same comic done in black and white even though it would almost certainly sell even less, might make a bit of money. Ten thousand copies isn't bad for a black-and-white comic, but it's catastrophic for a color comic. We're talking major financial loss.

By the kind of coincidence that can only be brought about through skillful rhetorical structure, ten thousand copies is exactly what the issue of *Dinosaur Rex* you hold in your hands has sold. There are probably a lot of reasons for this, but the main one is that the comics industry is suffering through a massive depression that is slashing sales across the board. Now, if Marvel's *Amazing Crossover Man* sells 300,000 rather than 375,000 for a couple of months, no big harm is done—but when a title like *Dinosaur Rex* drops from an adequate 16,000 to under 10,000, we're talking major emergency.

Cutting the color out of *Dinosaur Rex* is therefore a life-saving measure—a necessary amputation to restore the patient to a healthy and useful life. In better days, when we here at Fantagraphics Books had a little money to throw around, we would most likely have gritted our teeth and put out the next two issues in full color (especially since Tom Luth had already finished the coloring on #2 when the decision was made), but we're just not in an economic position to lose the dollars this would entail.



Not that you're ending up with a second-rate product here, folks. I've looked through the pages of *Dinosaur Rex* and "The Dragons of Summer," and they look damn fine in black-and-white—especially since Henry Mayo has gone back over his artwork on *Dino*, filling in blacks and adding textures to pages that were awaiting color.

Let me take a moment here to write a few words about Henry Mayo. This is Hank's first big project, and it's a tribute to his vast reserves of inner strength that he hasn't run screaming into the night by now.

Dinosaur Rex was bedeviled by a set of production problems and personality conflicts that make the behind-the-scenes tussles of *Heaven's Gate* look like a high school production of *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*. At various points in *Dinosaur Rex*'s career, its publishers, editors, artist, its letterer, colorist, and art director have either been at loggerheads, not on speaking terms, baffled and confused, or completely out of contact with one another (a feat all the more amazing considering they all live within 50 miles of each other). Throughout this mess, Henry not only kept sane, but sweated long and hard to insure that this, his first major comic book project, would be the very best he could do. He offered substantial input throughout the series, including several bits of plot business in the first issue, he acted as *de facto* unofficial editor at some points when everything seemed to be on the verge of collapse, he added lovely, delicate pencil rendering to a whole issue, which then had to be scrapped because the camera wasn't picking up the artwork properly—and then, as mentioned above, he went back once again and beefed up both #2 and #3 to accommodate the black-and-white version. As I write this, he's back at his studio redrawing the cover to #3, because he's no longer happy with the one he did originally (it's the illo at the top of this editorial).

Henry knows the book, through no fault of his own, is not selling well, and that there's no way of fixing that at this late date; he knows he's going to make back only a fraction of the effort he put into the book; and yet still he continues to exert himself in his efforts to make the book as good as possible. He's a trooper, and it's been a delight working with him—I'm sure it won't be our last.

Speaking of covers, a small correction: In *Dinosaur Rex* #1, the cover color credit was wrong. Tom Luth did the coloring, not Henry Mayo, just as he did on this issue. Sorry, Tom.

Next issue: A few words on P.G. Wodehouse.

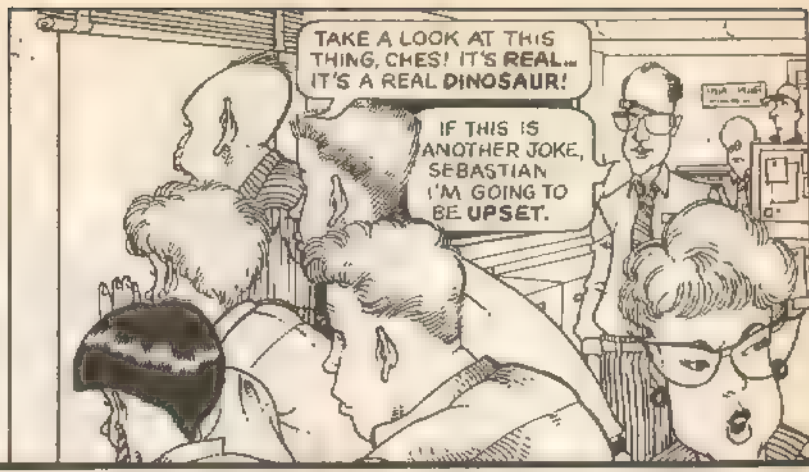
—KIM THOMPSON

THE DRAGONS OF SUMMER

fluttermag 86

DETROIT-2193 A.D.

HUMANKIND WENT TO THE STARS...AND WAS CHANGED BY THE STARS. NOW HOMO-SAPIENS CONSISTS OF TWENTY-SEVEN DIFFERENT RACES, ALL TRYING TO CO-EXIST IN THE CRUMBLING CITIES OF OLD EARTH



TAKE A LOOK AT THIS THING, CHES! IT'S REAL... IT'S A REAL DINOSAUR!

IF THIS IS ANOTHER JOKE, SEBASTIAN I'M GOING TO BE UPSET.

MAYBE IT'S A JOKE, BUT IT'S NOT ONE OF MINE!



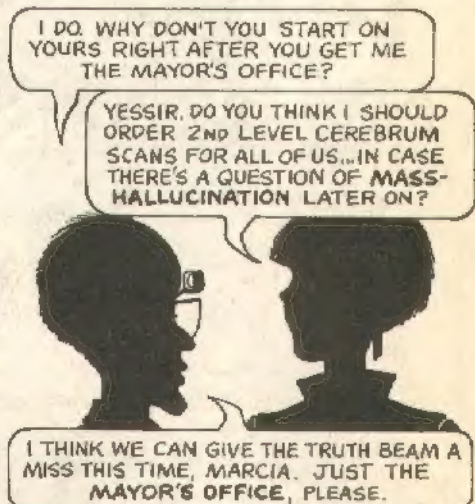
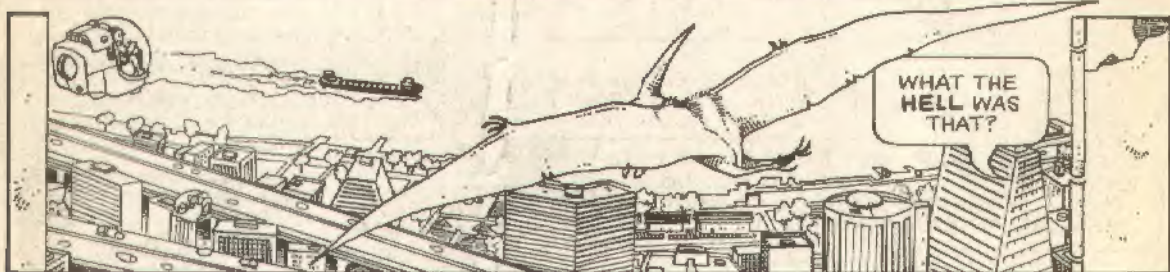
THE ORGANIZATION OF OMSBUD SERVICES WAS FORMED TO DEAL WITH THE NEEDS OF A WILDLY DIVERGENT POPULATION... TO KEEP THE CHAOS AT MANAGEABLE LEVELS...

MY GOD! IT MUST BE FORTY FEET TALL!

...SOME DAYS WE DO THAT BETTER THAN OTHERS



HOLY SHIT!



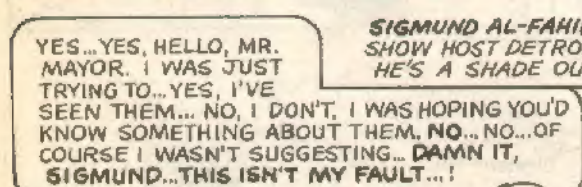


O.O.S... YES, YES, I SEE... JUST A MINUTE HE'S RIGHT...

WHEN YOU'RE DONE THERE, MARCIA, WOULD YOU PLEASE GET ME...



THE MAYOR'S OFFICE, FOR YOU, SIR!



YES... YES, HELLO, MR. MAYOR. I WAS JUST TRYING TO... YES, I'VE SEEN THEM... NO, I DON'T, I WAS HOPING YOU'D KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THEM, NO... NO... OF COURSE I WASN'T SUGGESTING... DAMN IT, SIGMUND... THIS ISN'T MY FAULT...!

SIGMUND AL-FAHID WAS THE BEST TALK-SHOW HOST DETROIT EVER HAD AS MAYOR, HE'S A SHADE OUT OF HIS DEPTH.



WHAT WE NEED TO DO IS MINIMIZE PANIC. I'LL CONTACT WASHINGTON AND SEE WHAT KIND OF RESOURCES WE CAN ALLOCATE. I'LL HAVE MY PEOPLE WORK WITH YOU ON RUMOR CONTROL... BUT WE'VE GOT TO KNOW WHERE THEY'RE COMING FROM, YES, I KNOW. SHALOM.



APPARENTLY, THERE ARE TWO MORE FLYING LIZARDS OVER THE EXECUTIVE COMPLEX AND SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE A GIANT SPIKED TURTLE IS TRYING TO EAT THE PLASTIC PALM OUTSIDE HIZZONNER'S OFFICE...

MARCIA, GET ME WASHINGTON. I NEED TO KNOW HOW FAR I CAN GO WITH THIS, JIMMIE... CALL UP ALL THE INFO WE HAVE ON FILE ABOUT DINOSAURS AND SEE WHAT RESEARCH IS CURRENT. AND SEBASTIAN, I WANT YOU TO PIPELINE WITH THE POLICE... FIND OUT WHERE THOSE THINGS CAME FROM.



...AND SOMEBODY GET ME A SANDWICH. I HAVE A FEELING I'LL NEED IT.

FRAN



SO LONG, FRANKS! I THINK I'LL DO ME A LITTLE HUNTIN'! YOU KNOW, KA-CHOW KA-CHOW! HA HA HA!

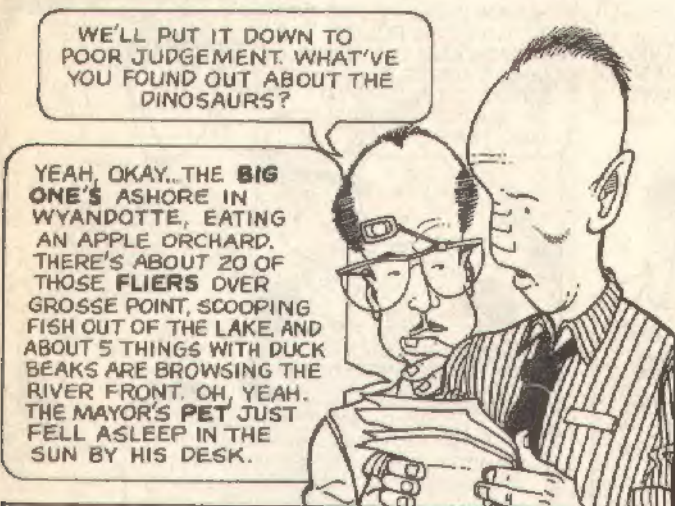


UH, CHES? SORRY ABOUT THAT JOKE... I MEAN I HAVEN'T BEEN PROMOTED VERY FAST... BUT IT WAS JUST A STUPID JOKE.

PRETTY ROUGH JOKE, SEBASTIAN.

YEAH, STUPID.

I'VE KNOWN FOR A WHILE SEBASTIAN WANTS MY JOB. QUESTION IS, DO I USE THIS TO CUT HIM LOOSE OR BIND HIM CLOSER?



WE'LL PUT IT DOWN TO POOR JUDGEMENT. WHAT'VE YOU FOUND OUT ABOUT THE DINOSAURS?

YEAH, OKAY... THE BIG ONE'S ASHORE IN WYANDOTTE, EATING AN APPLE ORCHARD. THERE'S ABOUT 20 OF THOSE FLIERS OVER GROSSE POINT, SCOOPING FISH OUT OF THE LAKE, AND ABOUT 5 THINGS WITH DUCK BEAKS ARE BROWSING THE RIVER FRONT. OH, YEAH. THE MAYOR'S PET JUST FELL ASLEEP IN THE SUN BY HIS DESK.

DID IT WORK? IS HE MORE LOYAL NOW? I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING IN HIS EYES.



WHAT ABOUT WASHINGTON? ANY LUCK?

NADA. THEY EITHER PUT ME ON HOLD OR SAY THE DIRECTOR WILL CALL ME BACK.

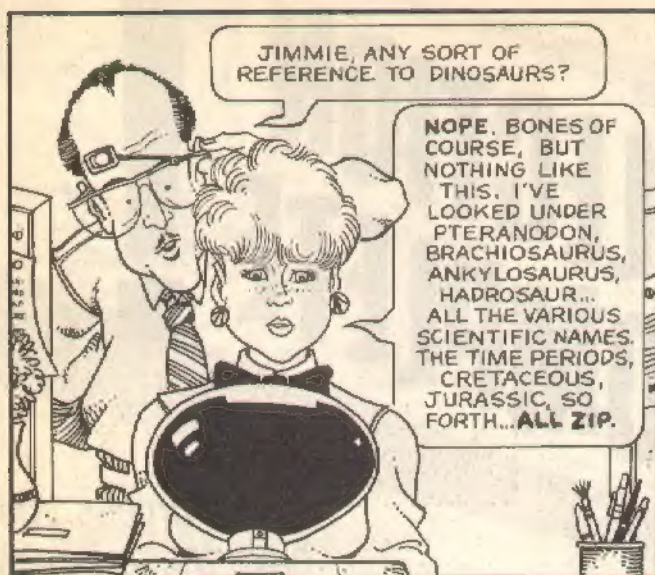
AND HE DOESN'T.



LET ME TRY SOMETHING. THERE'S A SPECIAL VOICE-ACTIVATED EMERGENCY CODE THAT GOES DIRECTLY TO THE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE. I HATE TO USE IT, BUT... 9...7...6...1... HAMPTON... CHARLIE... VICTOR... IT'S RINGING...



IT'S... BEEN DISCONNECTED.



JIMMIE, ANY SORT OF REFERENCE TO DINOSAURS?

NOPE. BONES OF COURSE, BUT NOTHING LIKE THIS. I'VE LOOKED UNDER PTERANODON, BRACHIOSAURUS, ANKYLOSAURUS, HADROSAUR... ALL THE VARIOUS SCIENTIFIC NAMES. THE TIME PERIODS, CRETACEOUS, JURASSIC, SO FORTH...ALL ZIP.



TRY...
"DRAGONS".



ALL RIGHTIE...WELL THERE'S SOMETHING...AN OPERATIONS TITLE "THE DRAGON COLONY". AND A STARTING DATE... TODAY, NINE AYE EM. BUT NO DATA FILE. IT'S BEEN PURGED.



THEN, THAT'S THE REASON WE CAN'T GET ANYONE TO TALK TO US. BRINGING THESE DINOSAURS HERE WAS DELIBERATE. AND THE O.O.S. IS SOMEHOW INVOLVED. MY GOD.

CONT'D.